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A Romanoff Nero.



The Czar watching from Peterhof the glare of the flames in Cronstadt presents a curious historic parallel to Nero looking out from his palace windows on burning

There is, of course, no fiddling in the Romanoff palace while the flames rise. Nicholas has not applied the torch with his own hand, with malice aforethought. Yet in a larger sense he has personally kindled the conflagration which has set

an empire on fire where his incendiary predecessor burned only a city. It is the Czar who in the end is responsible for the flames at Cronstadt. On him rests the blame for the fires and riots and street massacres in Kishineff and Odessa, in Kieff and Kazan, St. Petersburg and Warsaw. Back of the burned homes and looted shops, back of the bloody sabres of the Cossacks, is the shadow of the weak Romanoff whose unstable will has provoked the ruin it is now powerless to avert.

Will the flames eventually reach Peterhof itself? Can the delayed -concessions to popular government, wrung from the sovereign at last only through fear, avail to allay the rising tide of discontent? It is to be wondered whether Nicholas from his palace window saw pictured in the light of the Cronstadt fire the funeral pyre of the Romanoff dynasty.

A Supposition.

Suppose the chief evangel of Mr. Hearst's campaign were known to have bets booked for \$38,000 at odds which would have netted him \$240,000 had his employer won, would it have the effect of increasing the pitch of his cry for a recount of the Mayoralty ballot?

The Visiting Warships.

The British and American warships in the North River make as beautiful and impressive a spectacle as New York, which is surfeited with sights, is ever privileged to see. They form a five-mile panorama of unusual interest as an object lesson in the development of naval construction and armament. And incidentally there is the added attraction of the free burning of powder by friendly nations.

This is the second near view the city has had of the crack fighting ships of Admiral Evans's fleet, and it is to be expected that the landsman will embrace the opportunity to get better acquainted. His greatest interest, next to the flagship, is likely to be in the four armored cruisers of Admiral Brownson's division.

These fine craft represent what is so far the highest development of 66T'M no man's man," bold Ivins said. fleetness and formidability in warships. Their batteries of eight-inch and six-inch guns give them fighting effectiveness, while their 23,000 horse-power engines give them a speed of twenty-two knots an hour, to As you can plainly see. which the Pennsylvania, the greyhound of the navy, on a memorable I'm no man's man, I am, by heck! voyage added a knot. It was the flagship of this squadron, the West Virginia, which conveyed the President home from New Orleans. Their cost of just under \$4,000,000 each is the record price for American warcost of just under \$4,000,000 each is the record price for American warships, though it will be exceeded in the six massive battle-ships now building, of which the Connecticut, at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, is a type, and in the three big armored cruisers contracted for.

Every year in London a number of selected samples of the product o

No MAN Can Rule Him.

By Ferdinand G. Long.



Mr. Ivins and His Boss.

By Walter A. Sinclair. (Mrs. Ivins came to the Hotel Breslin and said: "I believe you have here a man named lvins who says he has no boss. I'll show him whether he has a boss or not."-News Item.)

"And if a Boss I'd meet I'd pass and never turn my head While strolling down the street. There is no collar on my neck,

Bill Ivins said, said he.

TRIAL OF GOLD.

"I'm no man's man," said Bill egain. "No Boss your minds can yex.
"I'm no MAN'S man," was his refrain. He just stuck to one sex Intil the campaign died away. and Ivins learned his loss. Then he admitted, proud and gay, The fact he HAD a Boss.

In fact, the Boss gave Bill away, And-hush! he wasn't cross. But meekly started to obey When ordered by his Boss. No, not the sort that you'd expect-The kind you have in mind-To William Ivins called and becked-

His Boss said: "You come home with me. Through this campaign you've played And said no Boss could say that he Gave orders you obeyed. You said that you were no MAN'S man Throughout this campaign strife. Come home!" Obeying, Ivins ran; He HAD a Boss-his wife.

APPROPRIATE CITIES.

Man Is Not Descendant, but Cousin of the Ape.

By Dr. Alex Sokolowsky.

HE investigations of science have proved conclusively that man approaches the ape closely in his structure, and yet he is different from the ape, even though the highest type of ape be compared with the lowest type of man-Starting from common parentage, as they must have in the long past prehistoric ages, the ape has developed in one direction, while man has gone in another 41rection along the evolutionary path. Man is not a highly developed ape, they are not links in the same chain, but form, as it were, two lines starting from the same ancestor.

Hackel has said that there is less difference between the skull of the lowest Malay and the highest chimpanzee than there is between that of the low Malay and the highest type of European chinker, and there is no greater distinction to capacity and power generally. The Melanestans, living in the Pacific Islands. possess such apelike characteristics as the prehensile character of the large too, which can be used for seizing almost as the ape's can. With their black ourly

hair and black skins they are not far removed from chimpanzees. If we now look at the African continent we find a great multitude of low aces, different in many ways, yet all creeping along the lower rungs of the ladder of progress, says Dr. Alex Sokolowsky in the Chicago Tribune. Here are the dwarfs whom Stanley found, and then there are the larger natives of the interior. Lock at the Arabs of the Soudan, and you see how race tells even under the same conditions as those with which the negro has to contand. Savage to a certain extent, these Arabs still control the country by their intelligence

until the European forces his way in. It remained for the newer race, the Europeans, the Anglo-Saxon among Europeans, to move to the topmost rungs of the ladder of progress, where he now stands.

As the eye sweeps over all the human race, glancing at the Australian aboriginal in his primitive home, the Fire Islander, lowest of Occidental races. in his, the pygmies and lowest savages of Africa, the observer is compelled to conclude that race has little to do with progress. All of these are of the lowest, are nearest to apes, yet they spring from different stocks. What, then, is the magic by which some races have climbed the ladder of progress so that they can

olaim superiority over all others? Herber: Spencer coined the phrase, "the survival of the fittest," to express one way in which men progress, and here lies one of the secrets. By it and the constant development of that mental fitness the superior races developed and reached their climax in the Auglo-Saxon of to-day.

Is Sour Milk the Elixir of Life?

C OUR milk is the nearest approach to the much-sought "elixir of life," according to a statement made recently by Prof. Eli Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute. Any one desiring to obtain a ripe old age is advised to emulate the Bulgarians, who consume large quantities of this cheap and easily obtained beverage to the professor says, according to erage, and who are noted for their longevity. The professor says, according to the Chicago Journal:

"Sour milk contains a large bacillus remarkable for the great quantity of lactic acid it is capable of producing. This microbe does not exist normally in the human body, but can be introduced with great benefit to the health, as it preys on the hundreds of thousands of microbes which infest the large intestine. It has been noted that there is a great similarity between old age and disease. The study of certain diseases has proved that there is no difference between the mechanism of senile acrophy and that of atrophy caused by the microbe on the person. In fact, on the approach of old age, a veritable battle is waged in the innermost parts of the body."

Research is being prosecuted to discover some means of strengthening the vital elements of the body on the one hand and to weaken the aggressive tendency of the harmful microbes on the other. When this has been attained, Prof. Metchnikoff hopes to be able to prolong life considerably beyond the present

LETTERS

Praise for New Costume.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The new long coat and short skirt which forms this season's walking costume for women is at once so pretty and so comfortable that I wonder women ever had sense enough to adopt it. No dragging skirt to catch dust; a nice long coat for warmth and comfort. It seems too good to be true. But suppose women will as usual load themselves with hot furs and wear low shoes and openwork stockings on cold days. K. L. D.

Local Faster Than Express. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I notice that when I ride on Subcomes alongside the local is nearly algood town for a sea captain, Salem; a streets) the local draws ahead. Now good city for a laundry, Washington; a good city for musicians. Sing Sing; a good city for the wealthy, Richmond; a good city for an Indian, Lowell; a bad city for the wicked. Cinn.

Between Forty-second and Thirty-third my life, for I do not look with favorable eyes upon the bar-room, the billiard or ball room, or a few other places say it is wrong. For we could knock off two or three minutes easily be-

tween the Bridge and Seventy-second street if they went as fast as locals. Why don't they? Also, the past few mornings my express has taken nearly five minutes more than schedule time to go downtown. Does the company need a bit of jacking-up, I wonder

la Not a "Masher."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Though I wrote of my difficulty in meeting a girl in this city, I am not a "masher" nor "a would-be masher;" neither do I wish to be either. I consider a masher is a despicable creature, who tries to force his attentions on women who do not desire them. Yes, way express trains and a "local" I have been in this country for six years without meeting a girl yet, and ways travelling at a faster rate than to be alone in a great city is as bad as the express. They lose time by stopping at stations, but when both trains are going at top speed (as between Grand Central and Times Square or what the Almighty intended—a maxif A good city for sailors, Portland; a between Forty-second and Thirty-third And this seems to have put the ban on

The Canyon of Gold 88

till they could reach their friends.

During his captivity, Pedro Cabega

Thrilling ADVENTURES in the Unknown Land of the Yaquis, with FIERCE FIGHTING --- Against INDIANS, and LOVE as the HERO'S Splendid Inspiration.—By Arthur Rochefort.



Rand wholly forgot the danger of his you?" said Frank, his eves indicating situation, but he was brought back to his unbounded admiration for his its realization by Alabam, who had friend.